unifier. God sanctifies the human soul and unifies it with the Divine
even through the mighty power of Love. Why does He yearn and long
eternally to save us ? Because He loves us. In our narrow, purblind
vision, we turn away from Him. But the day of redemption comes
when we plunge into the sacred fount of penitence and come back
to be reunited with the supplication, ' *I* come to find my life in Thee,
oh mv eternal God, to live with Thee whose touch can give me life.'
It boots us little to feel ourselves sad, if we only say, ' I am sorry I have
done the wrong thing.' That is a sentiment all too poor. Rather,
it must be one of ⟨I want my God ; and no satisfaction can be mine
till I have obtained my God.' The contrite wife goes back to the
deserted husband, not alone to comfort and succour him, but to
redeem and realise herself thereby. And the husband discloses himself
to her as a pure and sacred spirit in whom there is no pollution, no
taint. It is for the soul thus to go to God wjith the confession and
the supplication, ' I am proud ; I am self-sufficient. Take me ; absorb
me; and grant me eternal existence.' Such is the return offering of
love to the beckoning gift of love.
<⟨ To turn now to the other story. Romney is an artist. He
marries and has a little daughter. But he has heard Sir Joshua
Reynolds, the greatest artist of the day, say that marriage mars the
artist. And now, under the influence of the master's apothegm that

wife and children drag an artist down, he grows indifferent to them.
They are no longer objects of interest to him, if at all'he thinks of wife and babe. Hereafter, art becomes the sole idol in whose worship he neglects the supreme duty of loving and serving the wife and the child. Leaving the family, he goes away and completely absorbs himself in art for years and years. No thought is wasted by him upon them.
In the heavy, enforced widowhood of the wife, the baby so dear to her heart, dies. She, nevertheless, continues to cherish the old love for her husband undimmed and untarnished. He paints many a masterpiece and grows in fame as a marvellous painter. -Thus he attains his object in life. But in this monomania, he loses his balance of mind and becomes almost a maniac. Weak, worn-out, exhausted, feverish, half-crazy, he returns to the dear Mary whom he has long since deserted. But he is half-insane and cannot realise the surroundings. He thinks himself to be in a hospital. In semi-lucid moments, he asks, ' Where are my pictures ? What is this new, unexpected scenery around me?' Turning to the wife tending him in the homely surroundings, he enquires, ' Are you a nurse hired to attend upon me ?' And soon racking his memory, he adds, * I remember to have seen you in a church years ago.' Proceeding, *hs* **says,**